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THURSDAY MORNING, JULY 31, 1919

It is the admirer of himself and not  
the admirer of virtue that thinks him-  
self superior to all others.  
—Plutarch.

## Presidential Candidates

It must have been observed that party news-  
papers and politicians a year before the national  
conventions have gingerly touched the subject of  
presidential nominations. As a matter of fact the  
politicians have not touched it at all and the news-  
papers have only spoken of the uncertainty of the  
outlook. The impression is strengthening that Mr.  
Wilson will again be a candidate for the nomination,  
and it is generally believed that he would receive it.  
There is no other prominent democrat, though there  
would be many clamorous candidates if he were out  
of the way.

On the republican side there is agreement that  
Colonel Roosevelt would have been the candidate if  
he had lived. His sudden death left a party which  
had considered no other and in the intervening period  
has given little thought to a successor to the leader-  
ship.

The Detroit Free Press, independent, recently  
discussed interestingly, the movement in favor of  
General Leonard Wood which stands by itself as an  
interesting phenomenon in that while no hostility to  
it has been developed there is no indication that any  
of the republican leaders are behind it or endorse it.  
But the Free Press notes that in all straw ballots  
that are taken in any part of the country General  
Wood leads.

It was thought that the world war would pro-  
duce a president, but one of the developments of the  
war was an antagonism by private soldiers and  
lower officers generally to military leaders. We  
have witnessed how flat the boom for General  
Pershing fell. The war produced no American mili-  
tary heroes of which the civil war was so fruitful.

The strength of General Wood, the Free Press  
finds is in the fact that he is strictly a "popular"  
candidate. That is to say he has chiefly the endorse-  
ment of "people who are not concerned overmuch with  
politics and not especially interested in party organi-  
zation." A question then arises would this popular-  
ity serve General Wood in a party convention whose  
complexion is seldom influenced by people who are  
not interested in party organization?

Speaking further of the causes of General Wood's  
strength, the Free Press says:

The basis of General Wood's popularity is easy  
to understand. His Rooseveltian antecedents and  
principles, his straightforward common sense, his  
identification with the Plattsburg idea; his fearless  
work for preparedness in the face of departmental  
opposition; the shabby treatment given him through-  
out the whole of the war period by an administration  
which should have been grateful to him and should  
have made much of him, all have brought him before  
the public in a peculiarly emphatic way. His name  
has become a household word. Today he is infinitely  
more of a hero than General Pershing or any officer  
who had a general command on the front lines. In  
the service he has grown strangely popular by reason  
of the way the men who passed through his  
divisional training camp have sung his praises to  
their fellows. Many a returning soldier who curses  
practically every other officer has a good word for  
Wood. And this, unquestionably, is because the gen-  
eral believes it possible to treat drafted men as fel-  
low human beings and as fellow American citizens  
and patriots, even while he is engaged in whipping  
them into shape to be soldiers; it is because he recog-  
nizes the possibility of an underlying comradeship  
between the man in the ranks and the man with a  
commission, without detriment to any essential dis-  
cipline.

It is noticeable that as the troops come home from  
abroad, the Wood boom grows. Evidently the veter-  
ans are talking matters over with their families and  
friends. Equally, it is plain that the democrats are  
worried over the situation; and they are particularly  
disturbed because they do not dare to undertake any  
attack upon Wood. The most they dare do is to pro-  
test that a man should be nominated for the presi-  
dency out of sympathy; and even this is ticklish busi-  
ness, since the very admission that there may be an  
element of sympathy in the sentiment of the people  
for Wood is a reflection on the treatment accorded  
him by the present Washington administration.

Of course, it is much too soon to even make a  
guess on the outcome of any presidential boom; but  
one thing is making decidedly for permanence and  
strength, so far as General Wood is concerned; this  
is the general's ability to keep his mouth shut, go  
about his regular business and let others sing his  
praises for him.

General Wood would not fill the popular eye in  
the same manner that Grant did. He would not re-  
ceive the acclaim due a successful military leader.  
But he would have an element of indefinite strength  
which few other republican candidates would have.  
There would descend upon him much of the personal  
popularity which Colonel Roosevelt enjoyed just as  
there would rest upon Senator Hiram Johnson much  
of Colonel Roosevelt's political strength. Much of  
both this popularity and strength was made up of  
democratic votes.

Perhaps neither General Wood nor Senator John-  
son could command the one, all the democratic per-  
sonal, the other, all the democratic political following  
of Colonel Roosevelt, but each could command it in a  
greater measure than any other republican candidate.

Gradually we are returning to pre-war condi-  
tions, or rather a resemblance of pre-war conditions.  
The Sunday excursions are back but not with the  
"11 Round Trip" label.

## Race Riots

It is not easy for one of a well-ordered mind to  
understand how those race riots like that which is  
now raging in Chicago or like that which recently  
flamed in Washington, spread so far beyond their  
original limits. It is observed that they always start  
among the lower classes of blacks and whites and  
unless they are quickly suppressed they come to in-  
volve many usually right thinking people of both  
races.

We have observed in a fairly comprehensive study  
of these outbreaks, large and small, that they have  
their origin in something more or something later  
than ordinary race antipathy—the political sentiment  
engendered during the civil war and fanned for many  
years afterward.

In the south before the war the "poor white" was  
despised alike by the slave owner and the slave. The  
latter as a rule was well kept, well fed and kindly  
treated. His present was not generally disagreeable  
to him and his future was assured. He knew or cared  
little about freedom. The existence of the "poor  
white" was precarious. He hated the negro because  
the negro measured the importance of one by his  
visible possessions and as the poor white had none,  
the negro regarded him as a person of no importance  
in the scheme of things. Hence his designation by  
the former slaves of "Po' white trash."

So the poor white became a "nigger hater." The  
slave owner never was one. The aristocracy of the  
south and its descendants have never shared the  
emotions of the poor whites with respect to the negro.  
Whenever a man from the south expresses bitter  
feeling against the negro race, we may deduce that  
he is not descendant of the slave owning class—the  
southern aristocracy.

The southern gentleman rather likes the negro.  
His attitude toward him is one of kindness, mixed  
with a degree of condescension which the educated  
negro sometimes finds hard to bear, rather harder  
than his insistence that the negro must "keep his  
place." But he shares none of the bitter sentiment  
and hatred of the descendant of the poor white who  
"don't like a nigger nower."

There is and has always been a class in the  
north corresponding to the before-the-war poor white  
of the south. Without special incentive of the latter  
for an antipathy to the negro he has much the same  
habit of thinking, as a corresponding class has in all  
times and in all regions.

Circumstances compel his residence in congested  
cities in close proximity to the "black districts" and  
thus are fire and tow brought closely together. A  
fire once started is apt to spread far beyond the  
point of origin.

## The Los Angeles Fleet

If one knew nothing about the new Pacific fleet  
except what he had learned from the Los Angeles  
newspapers, he would suspect that it had been im-  
properly named—that it should be called the "Los  
Angeles fleet," that it had been created only for the  
glory of Los Angeles; that while it would probably  
make excursions up and down the coast calling at the  
villages of San Francisco, San Diego, Portland and  
Seattle, its station would be in or as near to San  
Pedro harbor as it could get. It could not of course  
get into the harbor, but the ocean at that point is  
wide and there is plenty of room for the fleet.

We notice in one of the headlines the cheering  
information that the crews of the fleet are great  
spenders so that we suppose Los Angeles expects a  
spirited competition between them and the tourists,  
to the great advantage of the regular inhabitants, as  
well as to their great surprise, for to the former-  
bucolic residents of Kansas and Iowa, nothing can  
be more delightfully inexplicable than the spectacle of a  
man separating himself from his money. After  
witnessing that they wonder whether he is not going  
to part with his right eye next.

## MOTIVES

By Edmund Vance Cook

I. "I pusha da cart all da time I can  
I sella da fruit and da ripe banan,  
I sella da fun like da aut-mo-bile,  
It getta no rubb on da bigga wheel,  
But I speet on da hand and I maka da start,  
And dees is da why dat I pusha da cart—  
No push;  
No cusb!"

II. "Yes, I am the man whom you've often cursed;  
I send you a statement on every first.  
Your teeth you grind and your brows you knit  
At the sight of my slogan of 'Please remit!'  
But the reason I sing you the old refrain:  
Is because my experience makes it plain:—  
No dun,  
No mon!"

III. "A pilly-pink-pink and I toddle-toot-toot  
On de flageolet and de fife and flute;  
I push and pull on de slide trombone,  
Und I ump, ump, ump, till de base horn groan.  
I blow de moosic whate'er it iss,  
Und de vhy what I do it iss only dis;  
No blow;  
No dough!"

IV. "I pursue the man with a dollar note;  
I fill his mind and I grab his throat;  
I make him believe in this growing town;  
I comp him to cough up a payment down;  
For 'dividends must be sold out  
That I be relieved of this growing doubt;—  
No sale;  
No kale!"

V. "Wilhelm and Ferdinand, Peter and Karl  
Find the world in a terrible snarl.  
For they used to take in a regular bit,  
Just because of the place they were wont to sit.  
But now they trouble and worry and fret,  
For alas! they find to their deep regret;—  
No throne;  
No bones!"

## THOSE WHO RECEIVE THE STRONGER CONDEMNATION

By the Rev. Charles Steidle

"Father, forgive them—for they know not what  
they do"—and it was after the mockery and the spear-  
thrust, and after the crucifixion that Jesus offered  
this prayer for his tormentors.

Horrible as was the cruelty of the treatment  
accorded Jesus, it failed to meet the same strong  
condemnation which He made against those who  
robbed the poor, coldbloodedly, and those who hypo-  
critically prayed in public places, which they "devoured  
widows' houses."

The harlot and the outcast were worthier in  
Jesus' eyes than the schemer who sought to deal  
unjustly with his neighbors in the economic world.  
The latter were guilty of sins of the head, while  
the former were guilty of sins of the heart—of the  
emotions.

In the sight of the world the harlot is more greatly  
despised than the business crook, but Jesus always  
spoke kindly to her, whereas He invariably scorned  
the betrayer of the poor.

As proof that man has brains, consider that he  
is forever cutting down trees to get a profit and  
planting more to get beauty.

## THE CAMEL'S BACK

A Weekly With a Hump on It. We Cover the Desert.

Price: Tut! Tut!

Ariz., July 31

Twenty-sixth Trip

## EDITORIAL

C. G. H. Editor

## GLASS HOUSES TENANTS

Without, in the least, proposing to  
pass upon the respective merits of  
either side in the now famous Ford-  
Tribel suit, we make bold to rise  
and deliver ourselves of a few harmless  
words of comment.

The popular impression is that Mr.  
Ford admitted without reservation that  
he was an ignorant idealist. This im-  
pression is not supported entirely by  
the facts as disclosed in the transcript  
of the testimony given at the trial and  
published by the Chicago Tribune. The  
situation, in brief, was something like  
this: Counsel for the Tribune asked  
Mr. Ford the point blank question,  
"Are you not an ignorant idealist, Mr.  
Ford?" (We quote from memory and  
so minor details may not be accurate.)  
To which Mr. Ford answered, "No."  
Counsel then took a different tack and  
sailed at the witness again and again  
in his efforts to get the witness to ad-  
mit that he was an ignorant idealist.  
Finally, after some minutes of ques-  
tioning, Mr. Ford said, "Well, if it will  
help matters any, I will admit that I  
am an ignorant idealist." And forth-  
with the press of the country bursts  
into flaming headlines "Ford admits  
he is ignorant idealist."

The multitude then ridicules Ford  
because he is an ignorant idealist.  
However, he will venture to suggest  
that a healthy majority of these rock-  
solid holler-than-thous are living  
in glass houses. We will also venture  
to suggest that nine out of ten of them  
could give but a vague and sloppy de-  
finition of the word "ignorant" and  
couldn't come within a thousand yards  
of defining the word "idealism." It's a  
10 to 1 shot that Ford didn't know  
what an ignorant idealist is when he  
qualifiedly conceded that he was one.  
And if our "average" reader thinks he  
can define these two words with any  
degree of accuracy, we dare him to  
write it out forthwith and send it in  
to the Camel for publication. We  
mean, of course, without first seek-  
ing further aid than one's own fer-  
tile gray matter for information. This  
bit of mental gymnastics is not in-  
tended for the high-brow.

Ere we part, let us say that we hold  
no brief for Ford. He has done a  
great thing for the human race in pro-  
ducing his "universal" car, but he will  
have to accomplish more miracles be-  
fore he can turn out a car in reach of  
the ordinary newspaper person. (Ed.  
By this we do not include the pluto-  
crats in the business offices.) We  
merely have in mind the quote: "Let  
him who is without a Ford among  
you throw the first monkey wrench."

Personally, we would dread it very  
much to be put on a witness stand in  
a crowded courtroom, and have a  
thirsty lawyer turned loose on us to  
tap our fountain of knowledge. We  
would probably pull greater boners  
than did Ford.

And now, if you want our personal  
opinion of Ford, we think he is a  
genius. But when he got out of his  
line of genius-ing he became a bull in  
a china shop. Moreover, as a reporter,  
we had the pleasure of interviewing  
Ford immediately after his return from  
his peace expedition. "How would  
you handle the Mexican situation, Mr.  
Ford?" we asked. "Why," he calmly  
replied as he gazed out of the Pull-  
man car window, "I would educate the  
Mexicans instead of sending a military  
expedition against them." There you  
have Ford; on the matter of war he  
was a fanatic pure and simple. But  
now? Well, after his country went to  
war, he did more to help whip the Hun  
than many of these glass house ten-  
ants who ridicule him as an "ignorant  
idealist."

## Confessions of a Bride

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More News of Hidden Treasure  
More Plots to Find It

"Chrys! You're talking about the  
greatest jewel mystery of the war!  
The Riminez gems have disappeared—  
vanished from human ken, so to  
speak! And all the persons who had  
them in charge have met some tragic  
death!"

"Jane, there's no curse tied to the  
Riminez jewels except for those who  
come by them dishonestly! They go  
with the Riminez estates and al-  
though the European bankers have lost  
track of them, Hamilton Certels knows  
where they are!"

Chrys dwelt on this statement with  
vast enjoyment. It surprised me to  
find her so interested in jewels for to  
me they were little more than an ad-  
vertisement of riches.

"You know that the Riminez pearls  
are especially renowned, Jane," Chrys  
continued. "They have passed back  
and forth between Spain and Austria  
with several generations of brides.  
They were known to be in the vault  
of a Vienna bank in 1914, and they  
were being removed to some obscure  
hiding place in a neutral country upon  
the order of the unfortunate gentle-  
man recently shot by the peasants.  
During the process of removal, all of  
the guards were killed and the thieves  
escaped with the loot."

"Some story, Chrys, I'm more inter-  
ested than you can imagine!"  
"That's only the beginning of it. I  
know the end—nothing between. Dr.  
Certels says the gems are safely on  
this side of the Atlantic. Isn't that ro-  
mantic? Handy for my wedding pre-  
sent!"

"Princesses will envy you the gift,"  
I said, but I spoke abstractedly, for I  
saw, as in a vision, the pest house on  
the beach where had died all of the  
officers of the U-boat which had crept  
beneath the 2000 miles of green water  
bringing those splendid gems—to  
Chrys! Of all that crew, but one man  
survived and I admitted that I would  
welcome any clue to his whereabouts.  
"Dr. Certels says he is waiting for  
certain papers from Spain in order to  
prove his right to the jewels. I take  
it that they are stored in some safety  
deposit vault in New York."

I wanted to tell Chrys that they were  
stored in the safest little vault in all  
the wide world! Fortunately my tem-  
perance was ended by a maid who an-  
nounced that Miss Miller was in the  
drawing room. I ran upstairs. Kath-  
erine Miller wasn't going to have an  
extra chance to be horrid to me.  
Moreover I wanted to meditate alone

## THE GAMBLERS

"Pretty good wind we had 'tother  
night, wasn't it?" suggested Ax Jones  
to Grandma R. as he slid into the  
rocker in her front yard and inter-  
rupted her Sunday afternoon's perusal  
of the Good Book.

"Well, have a chair and set down,  
won't you, Mr. Jones?" said Grandma.  
"My goodness! That shore was a big  
blow wasn't it? Scare you any?"

"Not 'zactly. But the old shack  
did act kinda oneasy onces in a while  
when she got to blowin' so bad."  
"So?" Well, I tell you now you had  
better be dicing yourself out of these  
here what they call cyclone cellars,  
Mr. Jones. I see a piece in the paper  
where we're going to have all sorta of  
cyclones and tornadoes and sich tur-  
rible things next November—the seven-  
teenth if I ain't mistaken."

"Where did you see that?" challenged  
Jones.  
"Why, didn't you see it? I fergit  
now which paper 'twas. But the man's  
name was there—I fergit his name—  
but there he had it all drawn out  
with diagrams and things all done  
scientific, showing how all the planets  
and things was agoin' to be in such a  
way that we're going to have the most  
awful storms and things—I just can't  
explain it like he did and like the  
picture showed, but you must  
of seen it."

"Oh," said Jones in a depreciatory  
tone, "you're thinkin' of that sun-spot  
guy. Shucks! He's got to make a  
living some how or other and if he can  
conjure up some sort of a yarn about  
sun spots and draw a diagram or two  
about it and sell it to the newspapers,  
why shouldn't he. I low I wouldn't  
be tryin' to scratch a living out of the  
sands here if I could do what he  
does."

"Mebbe not, Mr. Jones. Mebbe not.  
But it 'pears mighty reasonable to me.  
Law, me! It does seem that the world  
is getting so wicked that we're going  
to have some sort of 'climatic sent on  
us to make us good and repent!"

"Well, Grandma, if I'll do anything  
'twards bringin' down the cost of ex-  
istence, I say bring on the scourge or  
cyclones or whatever they're a mind to  
send on us. I just a soon die of the  
scourge as to be starved to death or  
worry myself into the grave tryin' to  
figure out some way to make both  
ends meet."

"You're right there, Mr. Jones.  
You're right there. It's got so's a body  
can't do nothing any more but pay out  
money to keep alive. It just naterly  
wicked the way these profiteers or  
whatever you call them has been rob-  
bing the people. And that's just why  
I say that man is right when he tells  
of cyclones to come next fall. The  
Lord will send something to wake the  
world up, I know he will. Look, we  
had a warning with that flu epidemic  
last fall and if the people won't heed—  
and it shore looks as though it done  
them no good—why, the Lord will send  
some sort of a pestilence on us. And  
that's just the way I believe. And you  
just mark me and see if they don't  
come some big storms and cyclones  
beginnin' next September!"

"Aw, shucks, Mrs. R. That feller  
was full o' wind when he said that.  
Now, looker here, I'll just bet you a  
bushel of my hegar that I just planted  
last week, to a peck o' them pears on  
that tree there that we don't get no  
extra-ordinary storms next fall."

"It's not right to bet, Mr. Jones, and  
so I won't. But I know that scientist  
was right."  
"All right, if you don't want to bet,  
let's make a bargain of it. If them  
cyclones comes, then I'll give you a  
bushel of hegar. And if they don't,  
you give me a peck o' them pears.  
Suit you?"

"Well, I mayn't have a peck o' pears  
left after them winds gets through."  
"You won't have to have them, be-  
cause if the wind comes you don't  
pay—I pay. And if the winds don't  
come and blow your pears down, then

## OH, WELL!

This is the way I think I look.  
Think I look, think I look;  
A la mode as a Butterick sheet,  
Charmingly slender, faultlessly neat;  
Superior, but so condescendingly  
sweet—  
As I set forth a-townin'.

This is the way she thinks she looks.  
Think she looks, think she looks;  
Classy from patent pumps to lids,  
(No one suspicious the fat she has  
hid)  
Dimpled and dashing, O, you kid!  
As she sets forth a-townin'.

This is the way I think she looks.  
Think she looks, think she looks;  
Three years ago that style was the  
rage;  
The poor old dear has arrived at the  
stage  
When she thinks she can doll-up and  
hide her age—  
When we meet a-townin'.

This is the way she thinks I look.  
Thinks I look, thinks I look;  
Where did she get that awful dress,  
Flying the same old S. O. S.;  
Trying to look like a vamp I guess—  
When we meet a-townin'.

—Edith Rockwood.

## At the Town Pump

A "DRY" REMINISCENCE

Tinkle, tinkle, little bar!  
How I wonder what you are,  
Reads the sign "This Place for Sale,"  
Or is it "Ice Cold Ginger Ale?"

Rumor now has it that the abdic-  
ation of the Kaiser was merely a false  
rumor, that he is sojourning at Amerongen  
still as Kaiser Bill, of Prussia. Very  
probable, very probable. But we'll lay  
a Canadian dime to two pretzels and  
a stein of lager that—kaiser or no  
kaiser—he's afraid to go back to Ber-  
lin and take his dachshund out for a  
stroll down Unter den Linden.

WHAT DO YOU MEAN "SERIOUS?"  
(From the Arizona Gazette)

Mayor Kleinman was thrown by a  
horse which he had started to mount.  
The horse was in the livery stable and  
when it threw Kleinman, it stepped on  
his face and neck, causing a great gash  
to be cut in his face. We are glad,  
however, that the accident did not  
prove serious.

But you'll have to admit that, from  
the "we are glad" comment in the  
above, our eastern relatives might get  
a vivid idea of what the novelist  
means when he refers to his hero's  
"rugged western countenance."

"Phoenix is One of the Largest Sporting  
Cities of Size in Country," says a  
Gazette headline. Which brings to mind  
an antique bit of vaudeville that goes  
something like this:

She—I'll have you know my father  
was one of the greatest men in the  
country.  
He—Yes—in the country.

Phoenix sport slogan, you know, is  
"Forty thousand inhabitants and no  
baseball park."

You gotta give me the pears, and you'll  
have them to give, A m'l right?"

"All right, Mr. Jones. I don't look  
just right, but I'm willin' because I  
know I'm right and he's right."

"It's a deal," said Jones, and he rose  
hastily, excused himself "to do the  
milkin'" and hurried home. Arriving  
there, he took the dog-eared almanac  
off the nail on the wall mumbled to  
himself, "Cyclones, hell! I member  
reading in this here book that this fall  
is to be specially free of storms, and  
Ax Jones has yet to see the time when  
Jimpon's World Almanac told a lie—  
scientist or no scientist!"

involved my only enemy.  
Besides, this little adventure was one  
which I had promised to share with  
Jim, Jr., Lieut. A. S. A.—R. M. A., a  
regular aviator and a "regular fellow,"  
too.  
(To Be Continued)

It makes no difference what your  
wants may be, you can have them sup-  
plied by using and reading The Repub-  
lican Classified Pages.

## The Last Word

Snow and rain in Flagstaff.

Thunder storms at Iron Springs.

Compared to which, Phoenix is an  
ideal summer resort.

Some talk of the farmers of the  
community going in to buck the cem-  
ent trust. Smear it n'em, neighbors.

We have just about finished fencing  
in the thicket on the ranch, and if any  
neighbor hereabouts has a sheep or  
two that he wants to give us or sell  
us, let him speak right up. How do  
they sell sheep? By the pound, or ball,  
or hank, or head? Anyhow, we shall  
hope to get a ba-a-a-gain.

Earl Peterson has just rolled in from  
a visit back "east" to the old alma-  
mater and the home town. "The uni-  
forms were conspicuous by their ab-  
sence," sezee, "and there was no dog  
put on about it."

Word comes from Kansas City that  
Lem Cole is now on the high road to  
health and will be back among us in  
the early fall.

We borrowed neighbor Cagle's scythe  
and our strong man bust one of the  
grips on the snath. A tour of the  
hardware stores in town was fruitless.  
None in stock. Now, if any good  
neighbor here or elsewhere will put us  
in touch with such portion of a scythe,  
we'll be thankful and will feel more  
like returning the scythe in toto.

Now, then, the senate will attempt  
to put the emphasis on the "shant" in  
that Shantung agreement.

Aw, Jimmy, be a sport and withdraw.  
And so Jimmy withdrew. But as for  
being a sport—that's something else  
again yet.

Vacationists will find it to their ad-  
vantage to leave word at the office to  
have the Camel follow them.

By the way, what ever became of  
that bronze plate for the cornerstone,  
on the Capitol addition?

Of course it would never do to have  
an Irishman with an Irish name for  
president of the Irish republic.

Anyhow, Hun efficiency seems to be  
unimpaired. Look at the speedy ac-  
tion on the peace treaty signature.  
Now, the United States senate—

PLEASE OMIT FLOWERS

Sir:  
When you first started running your  
weekly funeral procession under the  
guise of "The Last Word" I used to  
know exactly when the last carriage  
had passed, by some cute and succinct  
comment that you would make at the  
end. You have not done this of late,  
much to my distress, and I am asking  
that you look into this matter.

MOURNER.  
We dropped it because it was too  
much of an undertaking.

Our notion of a coyote in a human's  
clothes is the bird who will steal water  
out of a ditch when his neighbor fur-  
ther on is sweating blood trying to ir-  
rigate. Yet, we gather from a local  
news item a few days ago that when  
this brand of coyote was caught at  
such a trick on the south side and  
dragged into court for it the judge  
gave him a suspended sentence. The